

# THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

BE SURE YOU ARE RIGHT AND THEN GO AHEAD.—Davy Crockett.

VOL. I.

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## THE RUTHERFORD STAR.

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RUTHERFORDTON, N. C.

### POETICAL.

#### THE DRUNKARD.

BY SILORAN.

UPON his brow was beauty's name,  
His cheeks were bright with health,  
His friends were virtue, wisdom, fame,  
His servants, pleasure, wealth.

A glass of wine, I saw him take;  
He said, "this is no harm,  
'Tis for my health, or a friend's sake;  
A mere matter of form."

Time passed. Out from the tavern door,  
I saw him staggering come,  
Wealth, pleasure, health, were his no more  
Virtue and fame had flown.

Years rolled around. Once more my path  
In life, led by his door,  
I saw him—by the hand of death—  
Hurled to the eternal shore.

I saw his cheeks grow pale in death—  
Cheeks, once vain beauty's boast;  
I heard him, with his faint breath,  
Shriek, "lost, forever lost."

Beneath a rude, unsculptured stone,  
He sleeps the appointed years,  
Unwept, uncared for, and alone;  
Until his Judge appears.

And often, when the evening gale  
Sweeps o'er his silent dust,  
Methinks I hear his spirit wail,  
"Lost, lost, forever lost!"

Rutherford, May 19th, 1866.

For the Star.

[ORIGINAL.]

#### ROSES AND THORNS.

BY MAGNOLIA.

The next morning Dr. Linton left his child hood's home; with an aching heart which only disappointed love feels, in vain did he seek absence to soften the bitter pangs of his devoted heart.

And poor Enola the "gnawing worm of unrequited love" rapidly stole the lustre from those eyes, which once sparkled with happiness, health and love; the rose tint of the once buoyant and cheerful Enola, but none guessed the cause of that sad heart's pulsating thrill; probably Kate and Alice could have relieved that aching heart, had they then seen their friend; but a few days after they had last called upon Enola, they too, left for a visit of several months to a distant city.

Enola's pride could no longer brook the look of pity that often beamed from the eyes of her friends; no, she endeavored to banish all thoughts that were tending to sadden her young life; she partially succeeded, at least she made her exterior appear fair and smiling for the sake of the heartless world. Again she sought the haunts of pleasure, shining as the brightest star, in the whirl of the midnight dance, and though her laughing laughter and lively sallies could deceive the world, could her heart have been penetrated, the words of the Poet would have been verified:

"Think not tho' the eyes are bright,  
And smiles are lurking there;  
The heart that beats within is light,  
And knows no pain or care."

But alas! she, whose path had been heretofore strewn with roses, now seemed to pluck but thorns; other sorrows awaited her. Azriel entered this dear family, and shrouded in his sable mantle this once happy home. Mr. DeFay the dearly loved Father and husband was called from earth; but amid their sorrows Hope and Grace pointed them to a home beyond this vale of tears, where he was waiting to welcome them there. Yes, he was to join that happy throng, from whence issued as loud peals of praise as the sounds of mighty waters, when the Bridegroom to each should say:

"Servant of God well done,  
Rest from thy loved employ;  
The battle's fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joys."

This family set out on the "Pilgrim's way" with prayer as their path, and the Bible as their guide; with determined hearts, that when Eternity's morn should dawn, they would not be found amid those, who were waiting in anguish at the recollection of a misspent life, when the hours glided on without improvement and the set time for securing a title to a mansion in the skies were unheeded. Mrs. DeFay had long possessed that pearl of great price and her heart was made happy as she saw her children walking in the path of piety. Only two months of grief and anguish filled the hearts of the inmates of Love's Retreat for the dear form quietly resting beneath the sod, ere Mrs. DeFay, the idolized Mother, was called to meet her husband, but the smile of ineffable sweetness that shone from her sparkling eyes, as she called around her bed, her loved ones, and imprinting the last kiss upon their lips, she exhorted them to meet her in a blessed clime, where "parting, tears and sickness are known no more." "True, my dear children are the words of the inspired penman of Idumea: "Life cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down, it fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not," yes, at best, life is but a dream; and oh! try, my dear ones, to make this dream a useful and pleasant one, that when you awake in death, you may awake to the realization of the joys inexpressible, to which I am now going; awake in death! yes, for surely death is but the final awakening from the dream of life to an entrance upon the realities of eternity. I must go now, my loves, to your Father, who is waiting with a blessed Redeemer to place the glittering crown upon my head. Meet me there and do not grieve for your Mother, who will throughout eternity be happy. And dear cousin Grace, remain with my children, be a guide and may God reward you." And then turning again to Horace, Enola, Willie, and Eva, she gave them a few more last affectionate words, and then closed her eyes as if in sleep, she lay quietly for a little while, and then opening her eyes and smiling on those around her, she said, "They are calling me—I must go—all is well! all is well!" and her spirit fled.

No tongue can tell, no pen can paint, the agony that filled the hearts of these mourning children; but we will not longer trespass upon their grief, truly,

"Gloom is upon thy silent hearth;  
O silent house! once filled with mirth;  
Sorrow is in the breezy sound  
Of thy tall poplars whispering round."

But they are kindly loved and cared for by cousin Grace Leland, a maiden lady of thirty; with sorrows bitter requiem waiting through their hearts, we will leave them for a period of eight months;

#### CHAPTER 4.

Kate and Alice returned from the city; their first visit must be to Enola; and oh! what a sad, sad, meeting! their hearts were filled with grief, and tears trickled freely down their cheeks, as they noted the sad change ten months had wrought in this once happy home. Kate's visits to Enola were frequent; she tried to woo again the roses to her cheeks; but alas! 'twas vain! too deeply was she sorrowing for the loss of those loved ones, from whom death's relentless hand had severed her.

Six months had elapsed; Carl's name had not passed between Enola and Kate, till one evening they were seated in the parlor; there was a pause in the conversation, when Enola asked:

"Why Kate is Alice and Dr. Linton positioning their marriage so long?"

"Really I did not know they were engaged."

"Didn't know they were engaged! why Kate you and Alice told me so more than a year ago."

The truth suddenly flashed upon Kate's mind, and gazing Enola earnestly in the face, she asked:

"Didn't we correct that jest? it was merely a spirit of mischief that prompted us to tease you, for we thought you loved each other. Oh, Enola! tell me, did you love Carl Linton?"

"Never, Kate, more devotedly than now, and that jest of yours has darkened my life," with a touching grief depicted in her face; she then related to Kate the incident of Carl's last call upon her, and her refusal to see him, because she thought he and Alice were betrothed, and he was trifling with her affections.

"Oh, Enola!" exclaimed Kate, "do not forgive me, I will not ask it, I don't deserve forgiveness—that my foolish jest should sever two such worthy hearts," and giving way to a passion of grief, she wept as if her heart would break. Enola was deeply touched at Kate's sorrow, raising her tenderly, and seating herself beside her, imprinted a kiss on her cheek saying:

"This, dear Kate, is the kiss of forgiveness; do not be troubled, my love may have been vain any way; 'twas I that acted foolishly."

"No! no! Enola, never can I forgive myself, what an erring creature I am," sobbed Kate.

Horace unexpectedly entered the parlor and finding Kate in tears, his heart was touched; for long had he secretly nursed within his manly bosom, a deep affection for the gay and beautiful Kate Bonner.

Kate remained till night had cast her sable mantle over hill and dale, and then sadly kissing Enola, she left, accompanied by Horace. No longer could he conceal the adoration he felt for his fair companion, and clasping the tiny hand, that was resting so confidently upon his arm, he poured into her ear the sweet words of love, with which he had so long thought and cherished for her; but she was silent; no answer from those mute lips, but even in the flickering starlight, he could see the lines of trouble gathering o'er her face.

"Oh, Kate! I side from your sad look that for this long time I have cherished a false hope, you do not love me?"

Candor was characteristic of Kate's nature, she spoke freely:

"Horace you are mistaken, I will not deny that I love you, but oh! I cannot, will not marry you, I am not worthy of you, nor am I worthy to become the sister of that precious girl, whose happiness my thoughtless tongue has ruined; no! I will not be happy while Enola's heart is desolate. Forget me Horace, and may 'Heaven's unerring pencil' trace for you the love of one, more worthy, more pure than I."

Horace entreated her with all the earnestness of his soul, not to place that as a barrier to their happiness; but 'twas vain, she felt a punishment was due her. The next evening Enola called to see Kate, and when they were seated in Kate's quiet little room, Enola clasping her friends hand, said:

"Now Kate, I am not to be refused my request of you, Horace has sent me to plead his cause—and oh! dear Kate, if you love my darling brother, do not doom him to a life of misery, for a cause so slight; even if you had willfully and intentionally caused me sorrow 'twould be an atonement to know you were scattering the seeds of happiness along his pathway through life."

Enola my heart bids me obey you but justice—

"Not another word," placing her hands upon Kate's lips, "what shall I tell Horace, that he may be blown to the four winds of the earth for what you care?"

"Well! Enola, tell him to come this evening and though I feel so unworthy it shall be as he wishes."

Enola kissing her warmly, left to carry the glad tidings to Horace, who was waiting with anxious suspense, the result of her pleadings.

That night Horace and Kate plighted their love beneath the star-gazed Heavens, which seemed to whisper them onward, and bid them hope all would yet be right.

Time the soothing medicine for human ills, has claimed nearly two years as his own, since we parted with Henry Glenn and Dr. Linton.

Henry after repeated failures, abandoned the idea of winning Enola. Through extravagance and dissipation, he expended his little fortune, and for self interest married the wealthy Carrie Rush, a devotee to the fashions and frivolities of a vain world; a rush she certainly proved to him, their domestic broils were so frequent, he decided to seek another home, so they removed to Kentucky, where probably they are yet dragging out a miserable existence.

Dr. Linton had become a successful and popular physician in M—; when Mar's moans of desolation and woe echoed and re-echoed throughout our once happy and prosperous country. But among the brave volunteers that were marched to the "tented fields" was Carl Linton, equipped in the habitment of a warrior, but ere four months service had expired, he was promoted as Surgeon of his Regiment; another year and he received a furlough to visit his mother home in Western Carolina. He still loved Enola, but his pride forbade him calling on her, but finally he could not resist the pleadings of his heart to see her but once more, and by an assurance from Kate that Enola would receive him kindly, he decided to call. Kate would have told him all, but Enola had exacted a promise she would not. The morning he was again to bid adieu to home and friends, with a faint heart he knocked at the door of Love's Retreat, and was soon ushered by Betty into the parlor, where he met Enola. Both were reserved and embarrassed but he asked:

"Will you again, Miss Enola, refuse to bid me 'good-bye'?"

"Forgive me, Dr. Linton, it was a whim when I cannot explain, that caused me to act so rudely; and accept this as a token of friendship between us, will you?" she modestly asked, offering him a handsome pocket bible. He took it, thanked her kindly, and with a lingering pressure of the hand clasped

within his own, and earnestly—"God preserve you," from Enola, and he was gone, to return—ah! when?

Two weeks after his departure Enola received a note from him, soliciting a correspondence, to which she readily replied in the affirmative; if he could have read the happiness that "tiny messenger" brought to Enola's devoted heart, his only manly bosom would have thrilled delight; for two years long and earnest were the letters of friendship that passed between them.

'Twas a lovely evening in September '63, Enola had received one of those treasured missions from Carl; and stealing from home, had seated herself in a favorite haunt beneath the shade of a large maple, whose boughs waved gracefully over the gurgling spring at her feet; this letter contained the earnest and precious words of love from the eloquent pen of Carl. Again and again she had perused those lines of devotion; and now, with the letter clasped to her heart—her hair lying at her feet—her hair falling loosely around her beautiful shoulders; she was lost but in sweet dreams—wearing bright garlands of happiness and love in her future; a smile of perfect trust rested on her face; but suddenly she was startled by a rustle of leaves, and raising her eyes they fell upon the object of her thoughts—Carl Linton.

"Am I welcome, Miss Enola?"

She gave him her hand, but not a word escaped her lips.

"Here, Miss Enola, I will not leave until you have given me an answer to my letter, I can not longer remain in suspense. Your sweet image that has for years lived sacredly enshrined within my memory; and this token of your friendship," drawing from his pocket the Bible she had given him, "has been my talisman through the temptations of Campfire, and now tell me if I may not hope to claim the donor of this as mine own?"

She had withdrawn the hand he had first taken, but now replacing it she murmured:

"Where my heart for years has been, my hand goes freely."

He was answered; and sweet was the hour they passed beneath the shade of that ever memorable old maple. Carl's furlough lasted three weeks, and these three weeks were fraught with love and happiness. During the time Horace paid a flying visit home but their pleasure was greatly marred by the departure of Horace, a week before Carl was to leave, but Hope aided them in building light air castles for the future, it was decided the next spring, they should return to claim their Brides, but alas! for the delusive dreams of young hearts, how often are they blasted!

The evening before Carl's departure, he was seated with Enola, when she received a telegram; she hastily and tremblingly broke the seal, as her eyes glanced over it she felt fainting to the floor. After she had been partially restored, Carl picked up the telegram and read as follows:

Camp near Richmond.  
Miss DeFay—I am under the painful necessity of informing you that we have just been engaged in a hard fought battle; and our brave Captain, your brother, was mortally wounded, and left in the hands of the enemy. The deepest sympathy of myself and comrades are yours; he was loved and honored by all, and the country has lost a valiant soldier. Respy

CHARLES MARSH.  
Col. Com'd'g — N. C., Reg't.

Cousin Grace has gone to break the sad tidings to Willie and Eva. Carl was grieved but he offered no words of consolation; but again and again pressed his lips to the cold hands he held, soon she murmured:

"Oh! surely, surely I have drank the last draught from Marah's bitter stream; but oh! my Father remove this rebellious heart and make me feel 'thy will, not mine be done.'"

A shade of resignation passed over her face, she became outwardly calm, but oh! the deep workings of that sorrowing heart.

"Poor Kate! it will almost kill her, she has not the grace of a Christian to support her; go Carl, and break the sad tidings to her," imprinting a sad kiss upon her pale brow, he left her for Mr. Bonner's. Truly had Enola prophesied correctly. Kate lingered for near two months—her life almost despaired of—but with the prayers and sacred readings of Enola, she arose from her bed of sickness an humble, submissive Christian. Carl again returned to the army, but his letters of affection and piety did much to help Enola bear her burdens. She devoted her time to Willie and Eva, feeling they were ties to bind her to a useful life.

Their marriage was postponed until the "angel of Peace" should again return to spread her balm wings over our distressed country.

Eighteen months of suspense, desolation and gloom slowly rolled by, ere the thunder-bolts of Mars had been riven; but at last the war was over—Carl had returned from the army—and had just paid his first visit to Enola.

Kate entered the little front harbor where Carl had left Enola, and twining her arms around her friend she said, oh! so sadly:

"Only a month, dear Enola, and you will be a Bride, oh! my heart almost ceases to beat, when I think how happy I should have been, had he lived; but alas! my happiness is not of this world. No! I must think of rest in Heaven where my treasure is," with her head drooping, she was weeping passionately, when Enola, with a shriek of joy and

surprise, exclaimed: "Oh, Horace! my precious brother!" lifting her head she saw Enola clinging to Horace, she sprang forward and fell almost lifeless with joy. Soon Cousin Grace, Willie and Eva were showering kisses and tears of joy over the returned soldier; and there, with his left arm encircling little Eva, and his right hand playing with Willie's golden curls, he related to them how he had been wounded, captured, and after lingering eighteen months in prison, had been spared to return again to the loved ones at home.

A month of pure, heartfelt happiness passed, and the parlors of Love's Retreat were brilliantly lighted. A small and select party had assembled to witness the nuptials of Carl and Enola, Horace and Kate, for Kate had yielded her consent to be married from home. Happier brides and grooms were never known, and now with cousin Grace, Willie and Eva, Dr. and Mrs. Linton still reside in the old homestead. Horace and Kate occupy a neat little cottage, with a pleasant farm attached only a mile distant. May they long live to enjoy a "Feast of Roses," through which a thorn shall never pierce its way.

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world? Because he never underrates anybody.

The latest name for a traveling show is the Panteanthea. It appears to be a sort of panorama.

A witty fellow says that hoop skirts hanging out of a door reminds him of a peel of bells.

"I am afraid, dear wife, that while I am gone, absence will conquer love."

"Never fear, dear, the longer you stay away the better I shall like you."

An Englishman is said recently to have invented a scarecrow so effective one crow, who saw it, brought back all the corn he had stolen for three years.

Sidney Smith speaking of Daniel Webster says: "He always conveyed to my mind the idea of a steam-engine in trousers."

Governor Brownlow is going north to consult the lexicographers for the coinage of new words wherewith to reply to Prentice.

When Carran was in his last illness, the doctor remarked one morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty. "That is surprising," said the dying wit, "for I've been practicing all night."

In a conference of negro preachers in South Carolina, one of the preachers was charged with having two living wives, besides the one at present with him. The colored Bishop ruled that he must not "preach until he shall be relieved by Providence, of his difficulties."

The Jackson News and Mississippiian say that, notwithstanding "it is not safe for a Northern man to travel in the South," these fellows all manage to go everywhere and get home safe! They invariably turn up alive and swearing—before the Committee of Fifteen!

The LaCrosse Democrat publishes the name of a Wisconsin patriot who went to the war and brought home, among other plunder, a young negro. After keeping the darkey at menial labor for some months, the model Republican actually swapped him off for a dog with another Republican.—That's making a negro "dog cheap."

The following purports to be a model medical puff: "Dear Doctor—I shall be one hundred and seventy-five years old next October. For over eighty-four years I have been an invalid, unable to step when moved with a lever. But a year ago I heard of the Granicular syrup. I bought a bottle, smelt of the cork, and found myself a man. I can now run twelve miles and a half an hour, and throw thirteen somersaults without stopping."

A Norwalk (Ct.) paper says that some body snatchers dug up the body of a young lady who had been buried in that city, and succeeded beyond their anticipations. She had been buried while in a cataleptic fit, and upon being exposed to the night air, animation was restored. The resurrectionists fled and she walked home. Her parents refused to admit her, believing her to be a ghost. She then went to the house of a young man to whom she was engaged. He took her in, and on Monday morning they were married.



# THE STAR.

J. B. CARPENTER, } Editors  
ROBERT W. LOGAN, }

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1866.

**MASS MEETING.**—There will be a Meeting of the true Conservatives of this County at Rutherfordton on the 4th Monday in this month. Let all attend who feel interested in placing before the people as Candidates for the Legislature, men of the right stamp.

## MANY CITIZENS.

There should be but one party in the South, the South should be a unit politically, this is our opinion, but how different, and who is responsible for the divisions in the South, and especially in North Carolina. When President Johnson appointed Mr. Holden Provisional Governor of this State, we had hoped with many good citizens of the State, that there was to be but one party, and that this party would not only quietly submit to the Reconstruction policy of the President but uphold him in it, and had this been done we have not the shadow of a doubt but that a general Amnesty would have been extended to the ring-leaders of the Rebellion, as well as those who were forced to participate in it, by conscript acts, &c., &c. How different, Mr. Holden had not sooner been installed in office, than these Secessionists and later day war men, began to growl, they placed in the field Mr. Worth in opposition to the well known wishes of the President and his Reconstruction policy, these same men cry out no party and that those who opposed Gov. Worth are giving aid and encouragement to the Radicals of the North, this is a mere subterfuge in order to shield themselves from the condemnation of all honest men, but did they stop with voting for Gov. Worth? No sir, they voted for and elected men to the Congress of the United States who they knew could not, nor would not, take the oath of office; does this look like supporting the President in opposition to the Radicals; these very men who cry out against the Conservatives of the South and say that they are aiding the North, are themselves worse Radicals, if possible, than the Stephens Sumner party of the North, this is a rather strong expression but do not the facts warrant us in making it? We regret to say these things. It is no pleasant task to abuse, politically, men of our own section, and we do not do so in retaliation, although our humble sheet has been abused as a sower of discord and dissensions, and as giving aid to the Radicals of the North, God forbid that we should say anything to prevent a speedy restoration of the Union, and if we thought we were doing so, we would willingly suspend the publication of our paper, or rather, we would change our course, we would unite with any man or set of men to again build up that glorious fabric which has been made to tremble from centre to circumference, by a set of designing demagogues and broken down politicians.

But we are satisfied that our efforts are not giving aid to Radicals, but the rather, we are trying to help open the eyes of those who have been honestly misled, and who, if they were satisfied of their error, would turn before it was too late.

These Destructives want but one party in the South they say, truly, but what party is it that they want? They want the party who broke up the Charleston Convention, the party who voted for Breckenridge for President, the party who after Mr. Lincoln's election declared that his election was not the cause but the occasion for dissolving the Union, the party who desired test oaths in North Carolina, the party who said that Jefferson Davis was a second Washington sent to free the people of the South, the party who favored the many despotic laws passed by the so-called Confederacy, and last, though not least, the party whose motto has ever been rule or ruin. Yes they want but one party and they want that one to be this. Why do these men cry out no party now? Simply that they may regain power which when they have, if they ever do, they will be as strong party men as ever lived.

Will the Conservatives allow themselves to be bullied by this cry of no party? We think and hope not, and as we are soon to have candidates for the Legislature and for Governor, we hope that no true Conservative will vote for any man who affiliates in the least with this Destructive party. Let Conservatives stand firm and all may yet be well, but let them waver and all may be lost, and this country yet go down to ruin.

**NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.**—See School Notice of Mr. DePass in another column. The patrons of his school here, are very much pleased with him as a Teacher.

See, also, the Notice of John C. Jackson, and wanted Agents at \$1500 per year and \$90 per month, which we inadvertently omitted last week.

It was our intention, in the outset, to publish as neat a paper as was in our power, and we had hoped we would not be taken into the hands of Critics, at least until we had got our Office in a good condition, and got things so arranged that we could pay all the attention necessary to the appearance of our paper. It is known that we are new, beginners and although we do not ask it, yet we ought to have some allowance made to us in certain cases. But a Critic will be a Critic no matter where he may be, and if he cannot find one thing to criticize he will find another. As we stated in the beginning, our material is limited, and in certain cases we cannot help making errors, for instance, we sometimes run short of the apostrophe, and, therefore, are compelled to use something else for quotations and abbreviations. Again, having no proof-galleys we have to strike a full sheet before we can make the necessary corrections, and in this case we are often in such a hurry that it is impossible to make all the corrections.

We have been criticised, and we think unjustly. And in future we would be under many obligations to any one wishing to make remarks on the errors of our paper, to come up like a gentleman and make them to our face, and not go to the author of any communication, that may be in our paper, for the purpose of making them dissatisfied. "Don't view us with a Critic's eye, But pass our imperfections by."

**COUNTY COURT.**—This body met here last Monday and is still in Session, Esqrs. H. Harrill, G. Eaves and J. B. Gillespie, presiding. H. D. Cabanis, Solicitor pro tem. The only cases of importance, that has yet come before this court, are Jerry Michael and Lawson Mintz, both freedmen, charged with stealing corn. Michael was found guilty and received thirty-nine lashes on the bare back; Mintz submitted, and sentenced by the Court to twenty-five lashes on the bare back. There are more cases of the same kind on the Docket and will perhaps be dealt with in the same manner. This should be a warning to the freedmen not to follow in the footsteps of these fellows.

**GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.**—We have received the June Number of this valuable Magazine, it still maintains its position as one of the standard literature Periodicals of the day. It is gotten up in the neatest style and displays superior taste in both original and selected matter, and should be read by all the ladies of our country. Its terms, from which there can be no deviation, are as follows:

One copy, one year	\$3 00
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Address, L. A. GODEY,  
N. E. Cor. Sixth and Chestnut Sts.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## HONORS TO GENERAL SCOTT.

WASHINGTON, May 30.—Official orders respecting the death of General Scott and the honors to be paid to his memory have been issued by the Departments.

A large number of the most distinguished officers in the service have been detailed to attend the funeral at West Point on Friday.

The Departments, Custom Houses &c., will be closed on that day as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased.

General Grant announces the death of General Scott in general orders, in which he says: "As the vigor of his life, whether in peace or war, had been devoted to the service of the country he loved so well, so, in his age, his country gave him a return in that veneration, reverence and esteem which, won by few, is the highest reward a nation can give. His memory will never fade from the minds of those who have revered him so long."

"As a testimony of respect, officers will wear a badge of mourning six months on the left arm and on the hilt of their swords."

WASHINGTON, May 29.—Upon receiving intelligence of the death of Gen. Scott, the President issued the following:

**Executive Mansion, May 29, 1866.**—The President, with profound sorrow, announces to the people of the United States the death of Winfield Scott, the late Lieutenant General of the army.

On the day which may be appointed for his funeral, the several executive departments of government will be closed. The heads of the War and Navy Departments will respectively give orders for the payment of the appropriate honors to the memory of deceased.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

BOSTON, May 29.—All the church bells of this city were tolled by telegraph this afternoon, striking eighty times for the death of General Scott.

NEW YORK, May 29.—All the flags in the city and on the shipping, are at half mast on account of the death of General Scott.

The Jewish women were once punished for adoring a false calf.

## For the Star.

**MISSISS. EDITORS.**—The ravages of the late war, left the citizens of Rutherford as it did those of all other communities of the South, in a condition approaching very nearly to destitution; and I have ample reason to fear it has also robbed them of the feeble spirit of energy and enterprise, they claim to have possessed, previous to the commencement of our national troubles. This county is unquestionably in as bad, if not a worse condition today, than it was one year ago. The amount of capital that has been brought here since the surrender of Gen. Lee, is mere nominal; the scarcity of provisions, has no precedent, and there is not a vestige of organization in our labor system; without which any attempt to make improvements in the various agricultural pursuits, must of necessity fail of success.

Why should we of Rutherford be so far behind other counties of the State, in the march of improvements? We have an abundance of excellent lands, well adapted to the growth of the staple products of the country, our facilities for procuring water power, are unexcelled, with proper management we could easily have the best of pasture for our stock, our hills and valleys are laden with valuable minerals; the climate is unexceptionable; and the good health of the people of this section is proverbial. Why then, I ask, should we all murmur continually, on account of the scarcity of money, and the present lifeless condition of business affairs? Why should we all look with feelings of sadness or despondency into the future? The most casual observer will answer without hesitation, that it is all due to an absence of energy, industry and enterprise on the part of our citizens. We have every reason to tremble from fear when we reflect on the fact that it devolves upon the present population of the county to save it from its fetters of poverty and ignorance, and unless the present system of indolence and inactivity be overthrown and another characterized by assiduity and diligence, substituted in its stead, our prospect will continue to grow dark, until, finally, we will sink down into a state of degradation, comparable only to that of the heathen, and from which no efforts can retrieve us. I have no fears of being in error, when I say, there are not a sufficient number of agricultural implements, of an improved style, in this county to cultivate one large plantation, no efforts are made to improve the lands, by means of manuring. The crops planted are small in proportion to the number of laborers amongst us, and are limited to such articles only, as are necessary for domestic consumption. The lands are not properly prepared to be seeded, afterwards receiving but little attention, and that is after the most inferior modes of farming. Circumstances indicate that something must be done at an early date, which will at least call the attention of our leading men to the importance of taking steps by which the good of the public may be promoted. Our political and social institutions have undergone an entire revolution. Heretofore, wealth has been the shield which carried young ladies, and gentlemen into the benefits of society and to eminence. Hereafter it will be different, individual merit, alone, will be the passport to honor, and those whose moral and intellectual educations are neglected, will have no alternative but, to range with the lowest circles of society.

Fortunately, for us, we are not entirely dependent upon our agricultural resources for the means of guarding against such dire evils, and of recovering from the losses we have sustained. There is one enterprise alone, which if our citizens will enter into with zeal and perseverance, will not only bring in our midst a handsome amount of capital, but will also give new life and energy to every branch of business, an air of cheerfulness to our village, and above all will contribute in an eminent degree to the improvements of society. I would be pleased to suggest, that a number of our most influential citizens form an organization, and use their most strenuous and persistent efforts to establish a Female Boarding School in Rutherfordton. With an amount of capital, less than any one might suppose, and with judicious management they would inevitably succeed. Within the period of one year there would, in all probability, be from seventy-five to one hundred young ladies here, each of whom would spend not less than one hundred dollars, in paying board, tuition, and other expenses, making in the aggregate, the sum of ten thousand dollars expended in the county each session of five months. This estimate is not intended to include the benefits that Merchants, Mechanics, and other business men will derive. I feel assured that such an enterprise will give new life and vigor to every branch of business. Let us act at once with promptness and decision, and not wait any longer for the "Millennium" to come, or something else to "turn up" an effort must be made at reorganization for we are still marching in our downward progress, gathering fresh impetus as each hour rolls on.

Rutherfordton, June 9th, 1866.

**Corn-Starch Cake.**—One cup of white sugar, one half cup butter, one half cup sweet milk, whites of three eggs, two cups flour, one half cup corn starch, one tea spoonful soda, one tea spoonful cream tartar. Beat the butter and sugar together, mix the flour, starch, and cream tartar, and put the soda in milk, add the flour and milk alternately, last of all, the whites beat to a stiff froth. Season with one tea spoonful extract lemon.—Sue, Unadilla, N. Y.

A fashionable party is now called a "daughtecultural show."

## For the Star.

**MESSRS. EDITORS.**—Without any intention on my part to injure any one or the interest of any Rail Road, I simply wish to know why it is that some arrangement is not made to accommodate the traveling public at Charlotte, without compelling persons to lay over at all. The trains on the North Carolina Road arrive at Charlotte at 9 P. M., and 11 A. M., of the same night, passengers are carried by the depot of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Road about one mile, when they must walk back or be charged for in an Omnibus, and if they go into a Hotel, and get a bed, they are charged from one to two dollars, and if they should take breakfast or something that is in the place of breakfast, we are charged from two to three dollars, besides the Buss fare, now I submit the facts to the Railroad managers, is it right? is there any justice or accommodation in such treatment, what are Railroads built for? is it not for the accommodation of the public and to benefit the country at large, then is it not to the interest of all to so arrange the running on the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad so as to carry passengers through with as much dispatch as possible, would it not be an advantage to the Road to carry passengers and freight for a sum that the people can afford to pay, the freight has been altogether too high, but has, I understand, been put to a low rate to run the wagons off, but has the passengers fare been reduced? It has not. Why? Because there is no competition. The present fare is three and a half dollars, much higher than any other road in the United States, and so far as I can learn, this Road has been run in a manner to accommodate the officials and other persons, about Lincoln, at an expense perhaps to the company. The President says he has assigned the management and running of this road to the directors on this end of the road, Messrs. A. G. Logan, Homesley and Henderson, if the above named gentlemen are the directors they should see to it, that the public be accommodated and the Road run in a manner to give it some character, this can be done by running in connection with the North Carolina Road, and by employing sober, genteel employees on the road, and put the passenger fare at a reasonable sum, say two dollars for forty-three miles if a plenty, the present fare of three dollars and a half is an outrage committed on the public, and should not be tolerated by the company any longer. There is no excuse now the bridge is complete on the Catawba River.

I am of the opinion that every inducement, should be held out to carry passengers and freight on this Road, it is not yet completed, and every farmer and Merchant should patronize the Road, and by that means assist in its completion. Every man that knows his situation feels an interest in all internal improvements of the State, whether in the East or in the West, for there is one thing certain, the people in the West, as well as in the East, are and have been, taxed to pay for them. And gentlemen I am proud of the stand taken by yourselves in your "Prospectus" of the now bright shining Star of Rutherford, in behalf of our much wanted Rail Road to Rutherfordton. I anticipate great pleasure when our road is completed from Wilmington through, when you and I and all will have an opportunity of taking an excursion to the sea-board, accompanied by our wives and fat little babies when we can partake of the luxuries of our Eastern brethren and invite them to pay us of the mountains a visit, and to come among us that we may show that we desire to have no sectional feelings, that we are one common people wishing to act with justice towards each portion of the State and each individual. Yours,

SHORT GRASS,

Raleigh, N. C., June 1st, 1866.

Gold 141—million going abroad—cotton going up—war threatened in Europe—big guns bursting in England—business houses shaking at home—a short crop of cotton in the South—poor probabilities ahead—the Radical party trying to tear the country to pieces—the President of the United States maintaining Constitution and law, yet cursed for his efforts by at least one-third of the people—such are the heads of thought that now may well engage the public mind. We have, indeed, fallen upon strange times—not use of the South, but a people, who it seems are being visited on both sides of the Atlantic with retributive justice for sins committed in the past. We have grown strong with suffering, and we improve somewhat every day. But the people of the North have yet to experience a reaction that will tell on both purse and politics. It's coming now.—Columbia Carolinian.

## FENIAN WAR.

NEW YORK, June 2.—Interesting Fenian confederates report that they took Fort Erie and were dispersing; others that were at the Niagara River followed at night with small boats, carrying accoutrements. A Buffalo dispatch says 1,500 British regulars had arrived at the Suspension Bridge, to capture the Fenians who are in encampment. The United States gun boat Michigan is patrolling the river, with orders to sink anything attempting to cross.

General Sweeney was here yesterday, but probably left for the scene of action.

Governor Fenton, it is said, will issue a proclamation to-day, warning citizens not to countenance the invaders, and that regiments of militia will be sent to the border.

BUFFALO, June 2.—The Fenians left here for Canada.

LATER.—The English troops are occupying Fort Erie. It is not known whether the reported fighting at Ridgeway is with the Fenians who landed yesterday at Fort Erie, or another party—probably the former. There is a report that the English troops are retreating from Ridgeway, but no particulars have yet been received.

TORONTO, June 2.—This morning a force of volunteers attacked the Fenians encamped near Ridgeway, when the fighting became general and a number were killed. The result is yet unknown.

LATER.—The following is the British version of the fight at Ridgeway: The attack was made by the British, who drove the Fenians. A number were killed on each side. The volunteers were expected to hold their own, until reinforcements should reach them which were momentarily expected.

American neutrality is severely censured, and the people declare that the Government is in coalition with the Fenians.

NEW YORK, June 2.—The general impression is that the present movement is to cover the real point of attack, which will be on the line of St. Lawrence River. Canada troops have been placed along the line, to prevent the Fenians from crossing. The Suspension Bridge is carefully guarded, and all travelers are examined. The movement of men toward the front is reported from every part of the country.

The town of St. Albans is the rendezvous for reinforcements. The third infantry, 1,200 strong, and a Fenian cavalry regiment, left Boston, for that point yesterday morning. Smaller detachments from Syracuse, Elmira, Troy, Lowell, Rutland and other places were continually arriving. One of Mosby's guerrillas has command of the cavalry regiment from Boston, and Fenians say, the cavalry wing of the army.

450,000 rounds of ammunition were shipped from Columbus, Ohio, last February, for New York, 150,000 for Chicago and 30,000 muskets for Buffalo. They are supposed for use of the Fenians.

Stephens has issued a manifesto at Philadelphia, protesting against the movement of Sweeney, on the ground that it is not desirable to commit any breach of neutrality by which the country might be compromised.

BUFFALO, June 2.—Gen. Grant passed west at noon, and sent the following telegram to Gen. Mead:

BUFFALO, June 2.

Maj. Gen. Mead, U. S. A., Philadelphia:—Gen. Bailey is here; assign him to the general command from Buffalo to the mouth of the Niagara River. The State authorities should call the militia on the frontier to prevent hostile expeditions leaving the United States and save private property from destruction by mobs.

Signed,  
U. S. GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.—The very witty and sarcastic Rev. Sydney Smith, for many years one of the contributors to the great English Reviews, thus discoursed on the folly of pride in such a creature as man:

"After all, take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride, and of man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this creature to make himself a crown of glory; to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasures? When he lives is he free from pain? When he dies can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection."

Judge.—Bring it.

Pete.—Here I am, spirits of Turpent on fire.

J.—We will take you. How do you feel? I ain't part when they axed roasted.

J.—We don't want you nor the the you follow?

P.—Anything locomotive said nigger.

J.—We don't care motive. What's that?

P.—That's what she stole the child.

J.—That comes P.—Altogether when it was cho.

J.—If I hear a twelve months.

P.—I am done the cook.

J.—Now, sir, pend upon the of your answer going around the.

P.—No, sir, without a boat a.

J.—Answer in bread?

P.—Sometime times I eat a tat.

J.—No more o How do you sup.

P.—Sometime on a chair.

J.—I order you tion correctly.

P.—Pretty well do you do?

J.—I shall com.

P.—Well, you that's some con.

J.—I shall com.

## AMERICA A MATCH.

Cornelius O'Don Blackwood, who ent fection for this count that France has bee her Mexican advent

A more insufferable pretention cannot what is called the That my next door live in a certain styl my house should be too gross an absurd That whatever rule family should be whoredises in the what overbearing; I declare I am for a Mexican now.— It the case I want to whether France ha and whether this de one of those mand nation cannot sub

consideration is limited the last great bully his match! Here, daring fellow ready with that finished us have courage to with the gloves on

America dares to France that all Eu not utter. There's no qualifying it. tal coalition to mo venture to say whe said. What mini land: or Austria, French Emperor, of something else, Savoy and Nice the our hands are free back again." W words in our foret any one expect t as this will ever is

We would no t eries by on insolent would go into on cages and kick the a sort of Europ France can beat down-right gratef that they don't be

I never knew I till I began to spe never suspected that tie of kindred parage by that fa in. Hate all th but call them our speak of them as same leading tran determined, until their share of hat fixed resolve to p in a word, of that trusty friends and Regard them in t war should break France, what s back. I say, A head on the issue is willing to pe another crown p and wait the eve

SCENE Judge.—Bring it Pete.—Here I am, spirits of Turpent on fire.

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—Interesting Fenian they took Fort Erie at night with small arms. A Buffalo regulars had a bridge, to capture the Fenian. The Michigan is patrolling to sink anything at

here yesterday, but no action.

—said, will issue a warning citizens not to desert, and that regiment to the border.

—The Fenians left here

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BUFFALO, June 2. —S. A. Philadelphia: assign him to the gen- the mouth of The State authorities on the frontier to pre- leaving the United property from des- signed.

GRANT, Lieut. Gen.

PRIDE.—The very Rev. Sydney Smith, of the contributors Reviews, thus dis- of pride in such a

some quiet, sober add together the ad of man; behold in all the gran- Perched on a speck y wind of heaven ed the coldness of from his body like ng; day and night, he is rolled along hugh a labyrinth of creations of God are beneath. Is this, u itself a crown of wn flesh, to mock at from that dust to return? Does he Does he not suffer?

When he reasons is difficulties? When tempted by pleasure e free from pain? escape the common the heritage of man, all with frailty, and error and imperfec-

—Shave the nearly start the y a poultice made d white lead. It within twenty out the addition, other remedies are afflicted;

—Bread.—Pieces abs, etc., on being d up with dough read, improve it

## AMERICA A MATCH FOR NAPOLEON.

Cornelius O'Doud, the writer in Blackwood, who entertains no great affection for this country, is yet delighted that France has been snubbed by us in her Mexican adventure. He says:

A more insufferable piece of insolent pretension cannot be imagined than what is called the Monroe doctrine. That my next door neighbor should not live in a certain style lest the servants in my house should become dissatisfied is too gross an absurdity to be entertained. That whatever rule I prescribe for my family should be adopted by every one who resides in the same street is somewhat overbearing; and yet, with all this, I declare I am for all the Yankee in this Mexican row.—It is not the justice of the case I want to think of. It is not whether France has right on her side, and whether this demand to retire be one of those mandates a high-spirited nation cannot submit to; my whole consideration is limited to the fact—here at the last great bully of Europe has met his match! Here is a young, athletic, daring fellow ready to go into the ring with that finished pugilist that none of us have courage to fight, and who, even with the gloves on, doubles us up in a fashion far from agreeable.

America dares to hold language to France that all Europe combined would not utter. There's no denying it; there's no qualifying it. If we had a continental coalition to-morrow, we could not venture to say what America has just said. What minister of Russia, or England; or Austria, would say to the French Emperor, "We were thinking of something else when you slipped into Savoy and Nice the other day; now that our hands are free, you'll have to go back again." We are famous for brave words in our foreign offices, but does any one expect that such a message as this will ever issue from Whitehall?

We would no more provoke the Tuilleries by an insolent despatch than we would go into one of Van Amburgh's cages and kick the lion. It has become a sort of European superstition that France can beat every one, and I am down-right grateful to the Americans that they don't believe it.

I never knew I liked America so well till I began to speculate on this war. I never suspected that there really was that tie of kindred which journalists disparage by that false adulation they deal in. I hate all the cant of "cousinship," but call them our own bone and blood; speak of them as a people who have the same leading traits as ourselves—sturdy, determined, unyielding, taking their share of hard knocks to day with a fixed resolve to repay them to-morrow; in a word, of that stuff that makes right-trusty friends and very terrible enemies. Regard them in this light, and say, if a war should break out between them and France, what side would you like to back. I say, America. I'd lay my head on the issue; and if any gentleman is willing to pet an equivalent—say another crown piece—I cry "Done," and wait the event.

## SCENE IN COURT.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into Court. Pete.—Here I is bound to blaze as the spirits of Turpentine said when it was all on fire.

J.—We will take a little of the fire out of you. How do you live? P.—I ain't particular as the oyster said when they axed him if he'd be fried or roasted.

J.—We don't want to know what the oyster said nor the turpentine either. What do you follow?

P.—Anything that comes in my way as locomotive said when it run over the little nigger.

J.—We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

P.—That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chicken off the table.

J.—That comes nearer the line, I suppose.

P.—Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

J.—If I hear any more I will give you twelve months.

P.—I am done as the beef-steak said to the cook.

J.—Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?

P.—No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat and I ain't got none.

J.—Answer me; how do you get your bread?

P.—Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat a later.

J.—No more of that stupid insolence.—How do you support yourself?

P.—Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair.

J.—I order you now to answer this question correctly. How do you do?

P.—Pretty well I thank you Judge. How do you do?

J.—I shall commit you.

P.—Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation.

JUDICIAL DECISION. NEW YORK May 30.

—Judge Nelson, of the Supreme Court, has delivered a decision in the case of a prisoner in the Albany penitentiary, saying that the trial of a civilian in time of peace, by court martial, is illegal and the conviction void.

## DEEP VS. SHALLOW PLOWING.—A

committee of the Illinois State Agricultural Society, in making their "reports on farms," visited by them, say, "In making our examination through the State, we took very particular pains to inquire diligently into the different modes of cultivation, and to observe the results; and in every instance, we found where they were getting big crops they were ploughing deep, and where the system of shallow ploughing was pursued they had light crops. Another thing connected with deep culture was, that the extremes of wet or dry weather had far less effect than when they ploughed shallow. Again, with every man that ploughed deep, we found that the hard times did not seem to affect him, and we came to the conclusion that the hard times lay within four inches of the surface, and all who plough eight to ten inches soon root them out.

SLEEPING ROOMS.—The rooms we sleep in should never shut out the fresh pure air. A sleeping person consumes two hogheads of air in an hour, that is, deprives it of all its oxygen, and replaces it with carbonic acid gas, which is a negative poison, leaving it so destitute of life-giving property that the person breathing it will die in a short time, in an hour sometimes. It follows therefore that, unless the room be larger than most of those found in dwelling-houses and hotels, there should be thorough ventilation. Currents of air must be avoided. Hence, the bed should be so located in the room that they may not pass over the sleeper. If there be a single window, it is often well to raise the lower sash a few inches, and lower a little the upper sash. In this way the current is confined to the window, while it keeps the air fresh.

## GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES

President—Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee.  
Secretary of State—W. H. Seward, of New York.

Secretary of War—Edwin M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania.

Postmaster-General—Wm. Dennison of Ohio.

Secretary of the Navy—Gideon Welles, of Connecticut.

Secretary of the Interior—James Harland, of Iowa.

Secretary of the Treasury—Hugh McCulloch, of Illinois.

Attorney-General—James Speed, of Kentucky.

President of the Senate—Lafayette S. Foster, of Connecticut.

Speaker of the House—Schuyler Colfax, of Indiana.

## SUPREME COURT.

Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, Chief Justice.

1. James M. Wayne, Georgia.

2. Samuel Nelson, New York.

3. Rob't C. Grier, Pennsylvania.

4. Nathan Clifford, Maine.

5. Noah H.wayne, Ohio.

6. Daniel Davis, Illinois.

7. Samuel Miller, Iowa.

8. Samuel F. Field, California.

## LIEUTENANT GENERALS.

Winfield Scott, Virginia.

Ulysses S. Grant, Ohio.

Adjutant General—Lorenzo Thomas, Delaware.

Judge Advocate General—Joseph Holt, District Columbia.

Quarter Master General—Montgomery C. Meigs, of Pennsylvania.

## RUTHERFORDTON MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY, BY L. P. ERWIN

Bacon, per lb. 18 a 20 cts.

Butter, " 20 "

Beeswax, " 25 "

Cotton, " 20 "

Chickens, each 10 "

Eggs, per doz. 10 "

Flour, per lb. 8 a 10 "

Feathers, per lb. 30 "

Peas, per bu. 1 50 "

Rye, " 2 00 "

Wheat, " 2 50 "

Tallow, per lb. 12 "

## SCHOOL NOTICE.

THE Second Session of RUTHERFORDTON ACADEMY will commence the 1st Monday in July for five months.

## Terms of Tuition ;

For Beginners, \$10 00  
Mathematics, Grammar, &c., 15 00  
Latin and Greek, 20 00  
(To be paid in currency.)

No males received over the age of 16, but private lessons given to such (if in the Village.) at an advanced rate of \$3. Pupils charged from the time they enter, and no deductions made for loss of time.

J. W. DePass.

Persons living in the country, and desiring to send, can obtain board for females by applying to me, Board to be paid in provisions, June 13—14.

**\$1,500 PER YEAR!** we want Agents everywhere to sell our IMPROVED \$20 Sewing Machines. Three new kinds. Under and upper feed. Sent on trial. Warranted five years. Above salary or large commissions paid. The ONLY machines sold in the United States for less than \$40, which are fully licensed by Howe, Wheeler & Wilson, Grover & Baker, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All other cheap machines are infringements and the seller or user are liable to arrests, fine and imprisonment. Illustrated circulars sent free. Address, or call upon Shaw, & Clark, at Biddeford, Maine, or Chicago, Ill. no6—ly.

## A LIST OF LETTERS

REMAINING in the Post Office at Rutherfordton, on 30th May, 1866.

Andrews, G. W. Hoke, Miss Martha  
Baxter, Joseph 5 Hamilton, Miss S. C.  
Bracket, John N. 2 Hazle, Benjamin or  
Baxter, Nancy John Wesley  
Blanton, Mrs. Mary J Hamric, F. C.  
Campton, Miss Mag. King, Mrs. V. B.  
Crook, Mrs. Susannah Lewis, Preston  
Coakles, Mrs. S. B. Lowrance, Jacob  
Covington, W. J. Mitalif, J. W.  
Colclough, Miss M. F. McKinney, Miller  
Canipe, Mrs. Eliza M. McAlabon, James  
Dobson, J. L. Mooney, David  
Dupriest, Mrs. Marg't McAnthur, J. G.  
Davis, Mrs. A. L. Miller Miss Elvira  
Edwards, Miss Mollie Mills, Miss Lidley  
Freeman, G. W. Nabers, Dr. A. H.  
Goforth, Wm. C. Painter, Watson  
Greer, Nelson [col'd Padgett, Pinkney  
Goode, P. D. Roberson, Elijah  
Horton, H.

Persons calling for any of the above named Letters will please say they were advertised  
M. J. CARPENTER, P. M.

UNITED STATES  
**Steel Pen Works,**  
FACTORY, CAMDEN, N. J.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.  
Steel Pen Manufacturers.  
WAREHOUSES:

403 ARCH ST., PHILADELPHIA,  
42 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

THESE Celebrated Pens are of Genuine American Manufacture, and comprise every leading style in the Market, and are equal in finish, elasticity and fineness of point to the best imported. They are, therefore, sure to gain the confidence of the American public.

Samples and Prices on Application  
Lots made to Order, of any pattern or stamp required.

For Sale to the Trade at the Manufacturer's Warehouses, as above; and at retail by all Stationers, Booksellers and News Dealers in the United States.

R. ESTERBROOK & CO.  
May 30, 1866. 6m.

## PROSPECTUS

## The Brief.

THE publication of a MONTHLY JOURNAL of the above title will be commenced in the town of Wilson, N. C., on the 1st of July next.

It will be a large quarto in size, each number containing eight pages and forty columns of reading matter.

It will be a journal of Practical Information embracing articles of every department of popular Science, Art, Literature, Hygiene, &c. &c. Lengthy articles on any subject will be avoided, but it will contain Brief articles on all subjects of practical value to everybody.

Each number will be worth twenty times its subscription price, and should by all means be preserved for future use and reference.

"The Brief" will be published at the low price of One Dollar per annum in advance.

One volume will contain four hundred and eighty columns of valuable information.

## FOR ONE DOLLAR.

Address, THE BRIEF, Wilson, N. C.  
Mr. Louis J. Labarbe is the authorized Agent to receive subscription for The Brief.

June 13.

## NOTICE.

ALL persons are hereby forewarned not to trade with my wife, ELIZABETH JACKSON, as I will not be accountable for her debts hereafter.  
JOHN C. JACKSON.  
June 6, 4\*

## Job Work

## EXECUTED

WITH

Neatness and Despatch.

AT THE

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OR

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AT THE

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May 9—no.2—14.

## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## Field and Fireside.

[ESTABLISHED 1855.]

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YEARLY, TERMS IN ADVANCE.

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## PROSPECTUS

OF THE

## Rutherford Star.

The Undersigned propose to publish, in the village of Rutherfordton, a weekly Newspaper to be called "THE RUTHERFORD STAR."

It is our desire to make THE STAR a welcome visitor to all those who feel an interest in the prosperity and welfare of our country as a whole, and the perpetuity of our institutions, as handed down to us by our noble ancestry, a FEDERAL REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT.

Our people have but lately emerged from a gigantic civil war, waged by and between Sections of a once glorious Union, and more desolating to our particular section, than anything that has ever happened on this continent, and it is to be hoped than ever will again.

While there is life there is hope, and notwithstanding the great changes wrought by the late civil war, we shall encourage the people to honesty, industry and economy, we shall take special pains to keep them posted with all beneficial improvements of the age, so that they may once more enjoy bountiful stores, prosperity and happiness.

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We shall favor and encourage the development of all our resources, Agricultural, Mineral &c., and likewise such internal improvements as will most likely be beneficial to the Country, and especially the extension of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Rail Road west.

As to Politics, we are TRUE CONSERVATIVES, believing neither in the FLEX EATERS of the South, nor the RADICALS of the North, but in the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of all Constitutional laws, whether State or Federal, and a ready and willing obedience to the same.

The STAR will be published every Wednesday at the following rates, (strictly in advance,) payable in currency or produce at market prices

One Copy 12 months, \$2. 00

" " 6 " 1.00

J. B. CARPENTER,

R. W. LOGAN,



## SELECTED POETRY.

### MY BROTHER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The beechwood fire is burning bright,  
'Tis wild November weather—  
O brother many a stormy night  
We've sat and talked together.

Such pretty plans for future years  
We told to one another—  
I cannot choose but ask with tears,  
Where are they now, my brother?

Where are they now, the dreams we dreamed,  
That scattered sunshine o'er us,  
And where the hills of flowers that seemed  
A little way before us?

The hills with golden tops, and springs,  
Than which no springs were clearer?  
Ah me, for all our journeyings  
They are not any nearer.

One, last year, who with sunny eyes  
A watch with me was keeping,  
Is gone—across the next hill lies  
The snow upon her sleeping.

And so alone, night after night,  
I keep the fire a burning,  
And trim and make the candle bright,  
And watch for your returning.

The clock ticks slow, the cricket tams  
Is on the hearth-stone crying,  
And the old Bible just the same  
Is on the table lying.

The watch-dog whines beside the door,  
My hands forget the knitting—  
O shall we ever any more  
Together here be sitting?

Sometimes I wish the wind would sink,  
The cricket hush its humming,  
The while I listened, for I think  
I hear a footstep coming.

Just as it used so long ago—  
My cry of joy I smother—  
'Tis only fancy cheats me so.  
And never thou, my brother.

## Humorous.

The President has decided to order all white troops to be mustered out.

Lemuel Cook, a Revolution hero, aged 102 years, died at Clarendon on Sunday.

Women are now forbidden by law to serve in drinking saloons in New York.

An exchange calls railroads, "patent bone crushing machines."

"Where's your hat Ned?" "Lost it."  
"When?" "Don't know; the first hint that I had of it was my head felt cold."

The man "down east" who hung himself with a chord of music, has been cut down by a sharp east wind.

Maximilian is said to be a descendant of Cæsars. He is certainly a seizer of Mexico.

Andy Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau bill was a valuable document, worth just \$11,684,450 to the nation.

Funny man in New York; paid \$85 for his wife's spring bonnet one day, and next day sued her for a divorce.

"I have the best wife in the world," said a long suffering husband; "she always strikes me with the soft end of the broom."

A yankee witness in court described a hog as having no particular ear-marks, except a very short tail.

The Washington papers say goods have declined in that city. Other goods may have declined, but the rise in hoops is quite startling.

A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said, "you are to make it plain, but at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

"How does that look?" said Mr. Cramp, holding out his brawny hand. "That interposed Amos, 'look as if you were out of soap.'"

"Thank God that I have got my hat back from this congregation!" said a disappointed clergyman, turning it upside down, when it was returned empty to him at the close of a contribution.

A marriage recently took place in South Carolina, wherein the bridegroom was eighty-eight, the bride fifty-five, and the parson eighty-five. It was a runaway match—the parents of the blushing damsel being averse to it.

"I don't miss my church so much," said a lady to her minister, who had called upon her during her illness, "for I make Betsey sit by the window as soon as the bells begin to chime, and tell me who are going to church, and whether they have got anything new."

From The Louisville Journal, May 13:  
PRENTICE ON BROWNLOW.

Old Gov. Brownlow, after keeping the filthy hole in his face shut for weeks, comes with another attack upon us in his Knoxville Whig, which has ever been a disgrace to Knoxville, to Tennessee, to civilization, and to uncivilization. He never had mind enough to keep his body from rotting—consequently he has always been a mass of putrefaction; he has never had sufficient common sense to last him over night, so that he wakes up a miserable fool every morning; and this last effort of his in his Whig is the poorest, the feeblest, the jejune, the most contemptible that we have seen even from him. It doesn't rise even to the low level of invective.—There is no more talent in the writing than in the scratchings of a dung hill fowl upon a dung hill. It is a concatenation of vulgar epithets and lies—vile lies for which there is not so much as the thin shadow of a pretext. It is the simple ravings of a broken-down, infuriated, and weak old man or no-man—so weak, that, like the lean dog we read of, he has to lean against a fence to do his barking. All the little atom of sense he ever had—if he ever had an atom—has gone to the grave before him—but not much before him it is to be hoped for mankind's sake. He has no right to be still haunting "the glimpses of the moon." He is a loathsome fistula of the body politic. He is a mangy old dog—a disgrace to his own fleas. He is a foul bubble floating on the surface of a cesspool.

It is pretty extensively believed in Nashville that Brownlow is insane. We don't believe it. Insanity has been defined to be "the entanglement of thoughts," but he hasn't thoughts enough to make a tangle. 'Tis a pity for him that he isn't insane, for it would be the only excuse, utter mental imbecility excepted, for the disgrace he is inflicting upon the State in which he dwells. He calls himself a man of God. He professes to be a messenger of "peace and good will to men." He holds himself up or not as a saint ordained and anointed to establish the spirit of Christianity among mankind. But he has ever promoted strife and bloodshed in neighborhoods. He has been a pest, an itch, a leprosy, a yellow plague in every community. He has distilled the venom like a human poison upas. His tongue has ever been "set on fire of hell," his heart being the hell to kindle the wagging member. Belzebub's tail is forever coiled like a snake around the old miscreant's neck. There has never been any more religion or decency in his sermons or his prayers or his exhortations or his talk at deathbeds, than in the yelling of hyenas, the cursing of pirates, or the obnoxious of harlots. He has desecrated the house of God as much by his blasphemies as if he had stolen the sacramental vessels or used them in treating his congregation to apple-jack. It is a wonder that in his pulpit he has never been transfixed by the forked arrows of God's vengeance. He professes to guide men to heaven and curse them to hell. He would go for universal damnation, provided he could be exempted himself. In his black robes and white cravat, he might remind one of a black snake with a white streak around his neck.

What an infinitely miserable old man this must be. He never did a generous or kind thing in his life. He was even meditating the gratification of his malice. He has ever been seeking to steal upon his unsuspecting neighbors like a hungry cat upon a bird. Every man has a deadly antipathy to him. They say there are people who have such an antipathy to black cats that they instinctively know if one is within a hundred yards of them, in the darkest night, and we are sure that decent people would recognize his proximity at twice that distance. He can have no healthful slumber—only convulsion. The whole of the beautiful world—sky, earth and sea—must be as black as Erebus to his eyes. Every sound must be to his ears like a wail or shriek of the damned. Every drop of rain must hiss upon his burning head. Every breeze must seem to him a blasting sirocco—every morsel of food a dose of internal brimstone. The poor old wretch must feel terrible remorse. He must feel as if his ribs were red-hot gridirons, broiling his entrails. If every malignant and accursed lie he has told were a coal of fire upon his body, he would writhe and twist under a taller mountain of flame than ever the old Titans did. His heart is as black as ten thousand devils. He sees behind him only the mounds over the graves of buried victims, and before—only the Dead Sea of Despair. Heaven, earth and even hell abhor him—though the latter will somehow manage to gulp him down. His very face looks like that of a dead man, who mistaking a boy's tooting-horn for Gabriel's trumpet, has got up for judgement before his time. His evil passion have killed out every semblance of human nature in his features, if there ever was such a semblance there.

People of Tennessee! to your Governor!  
"With one hand clenched to batter noses  
While 'tother scrawls 'bout Paul and Moses."

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ILLUSTRATIONS.  
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SUBSCRIPTIONS. 1866  
The Publishers have perfected a system of Mailing by which they can supply the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY promptly to those who prefer to receive their periodicals directly from the Office of Publication.  
The Postage on Harper's Weekly is twenty cents a year, which must be paid at the Subscriber's post office.

TERMS.  
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HARPER & BROTHERS,  
Franklin Square, New York.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE Cosmopolite.

ON the first of January we will commence the publication, in the City of Baltimore, of a monthly literary Magazine. There is no publication of this character now issued South of New York City and the closing of the war has left a large portion of the people of the country with no literary representative.

The Cosmopolite will be devoted to literature, art, scientific papers and general reading, and we shall number among its contributors some of the first literary men of the South, with others from the North and from London and Paris.

All matter not original will be carefully selected from the newest and best of the English, French and German publications, and its Editors will spare no effort or expense, to make it rank with the very first magazines of the country.

As its name imports, we have established the Cosmopolite upon no sectional basis. We hope to make it the organ of general literature alone; and will be uninfluenced by any party or clique whatever.

It will be mailed to subscribers in any part of the country upon receipt of the following

SUBSCRIPTION.  
Single Copies for one year \$4 00  
Five " " " 18 00  
Ten " " " 33 00

The Cosmopolite will be generally distributed among the Merchants and Planters of the South, and we will add, for their information, a few advertisements at moderate rates.

Liberal deductions will be made to book-sellers and newsdealers.  
Newspapers publishing this prospectus and sending a marked copy to the undersigned will receive a copy of the magazine.

Address DELEON & CO.,  
P. O. Box 266, Baltimore, Md.  
May 9-1866.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE N. C., Standard.

THE STANDARD is printed Tri-Weekly and Weekly, at Raleigh, North Carolina, at the following rates:

Tri-Weekly, 1 year, .....\$6 00  
" " " six months, .....3 50  
Weekly, 1 year, .....12 00  
The Weekly will be sent to clubs at the following rates:  
Weekly paper, one year \$3 00  
" " " six months, 1 50  
" " " three months, 1 00  
" " " five copies 1 year 12 50  
" " " ten " 1 year 22 00  
" " " twenty " 1 year 40 00

To those who get up clubs of five or more subscribers, one copy gratis will be furnished.  
The STANDARD is devoted to the restoration of the Union; and while it will give to the President and his plan a firm and decided support, it will exert itself within the sphere of its circulation to repress sectional divisions and strife, and will inculcate national principles and sentiments.

It will also labor, as in times past, to develop the resources of the State.  
Care will be taken to furnish the latest news and the paper will contain, as heretofore, choice literary and miscellaneous matter.

The subscribers appeal to their friends to aid them in extending the circulation of the paper.  
W. W. HOLDEN & SON.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE Henderson Pioneer.

THE subscriber has commenced the publication of a weekly Newspaper in the Town of Hendersonville, N. C., bearing the above title, which will be under his immediate control, and will be an uncompromising advocate of the Union of our fathers. It will advocate a speedy restoration of the wayward States; it will oppose ultraism from any and every quarter, on the grounds that extreme men and measures are dangerous to the liberties, happiness and prosperity of the people.

In discussing the political issues of the day, it will reject the odious and exploded doctrine of paramount State sovereignty; it will cheerfully and earnestly support the National Government in its rightful authority and power in maintaining and sustaining itself from all enemies from within or without, but will contend against any encroachments upon the reserved rights of the States.

It will strive to avoid everything like partisan and personal bitterness, it will also strive to avoid the baneful and hated practice of misrepresentation and appealing to the passions and prejudices of the people in order to accomplish partisan ends.

It will endeavor to soothe the bitterness of the past, by encouraging and promoting among the people a spirit of reconciliation and harmony, by appealing to reason and argument addressed to the understanding.

It will advocate obedience to the laws of the country, National and State, and come down upon all cut-throats, horse-thieves, plunderers, "bummers," &c.

The Henderson Pioneer, will, without regard to sex, condition or color, advocate education in all its useful branches.

It will not neglect the honest laborer, the independent hard-fisted tiller of the soil—the noblest of man's callings. The mechanic who goes hand in hand with the farmer, shall not be forgotten.

It will advocate the extension and completion of the contemplated railroads, encourage home manufacturing and internal improvements generally; also the development of our mineral and other resources.

It shall be our constant aim to give our readers all the important and interesting news. Its columns will also be open to the advertising public.

The PIONEER will be published weekly on the following terms:  
One copy 12 months, \$2 00  
" " " 6 " 1 00

INvariably IN ADVANCE.  
Produce at Cash prices will be taken in payment.

Any person sending a list of ten subscribers from one Post Office, with the cash, will receive a copy gratis.

We most respectfully solicit our friends everywhere, to take an interest in extending our circulation as much as possible.

A. H. JONES, EDITOR,  
Hendersonville, N. C., May 16, 1866.

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A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING, and a superb COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c.

TERMS:  
Our terms are the same as those for that well known weekly paper, The Saturday Evening Post—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and Magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and are as follows: One copy one year, \$2.50; Two copies, \$4; Four copies, \$8; Eight copies, (and one gratis,) \$16; Twenty, (and one gratis,) \$35. One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE POST, \$4.  
The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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1 vol. 16mo. Illustrated.

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All orders will be filled according to the date of their reception, and book will be sent post-paid on the receipt of the price, as soon as issued.

The trade will be supplied at the usual discount. Address  
VAN EVRIE, HORTON & CO.,  
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A Good, cheap, and valuable Paper for every man, woman and boy, in city, village and country. Published the first of every month. Each number contains a full Calendar of work for the Month, Hints, Suggestions, Essays upon everything to be performed in and around the Farm, Garden, Orchard and Dwelling, etc, etc.

TERMS:  
One Copy, One Year, \$ 1.00  
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W. M. B. SMITH & CO.,  
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58 Fayetteville st., Raleigh, N. C.

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